IMPORTANT. See pages 12 and 13.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 457. SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1915. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

987522

For meaning of this No. see page 25.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See page 12.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page .. and forward the duplicate to us and you will be *permanently insured* during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's form on page 12 all in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident.

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 12.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme as outlined in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 9 a.m. Wednesday, February 3, and all other parts of the British Isles till 9 a.m. Thursday, February 4.

OLD CALABAR

MEAT DOG BISCUITS and POULTRY MEALS.

Booklet and Samples of all foods for Dogs and Poultry sent free by the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. January 30 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

17, BILLITER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FIRST READ THIS.

If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Feb. 6th.

AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM
		Bradford C.	v.	Sheffield U.
		Burnley	v.	Middlesbro'
		Tottenham H.	v.	Newcastle U.
		Notts C.	v.	Bolton W.
		Sheffield W.	v.	Oldham A.
		West Bromwich A.	v.	Bradford
		Everton	v.	Liverpool
		Chelsea	v.	Aston Villa
		Manchester C.	v.	Blackburn R.
		Bristol C.	v.	Barnsley
		Derby C.	v.	Hull City
		Birmingham	v.	Fulham
		Grimsby T.	v.	Wolverhampton W.
		Blackpool	v.	Clapton O.
		Gillingham	v.	Portsmouth
		Cardiff C.	v.	Exeter C.
		Watford	v.	Millwall A.
		Plymouth A.	v.	Queen's Park R.
		Norwich C.	v.	Swindon
		Crystal Palace	v.	Reading

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

14

Address .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

1. We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address, in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 15, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, **Football Contest, No. 14,** and send to reach us not later than **Friday, February 5th.**

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the "Sporting Life," of all the matches given played to a finish on February 6th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the sender of a coupon with one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the £1,000 nor the £250 being won, £50 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts whatever the number; and £20 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from "Mary Bull." If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, the £250 or the £50, the "Mary Bull" prize will be awarded to the sender of the **next** most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,000, the £250, the £50, as well as the special £20 mauve coupon prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

SINGLE-WEEK CONTEST. CLOSES FRIDAY FEBRUARY 5th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Bradford C. v. Sheffield U.
			Burnley v. Middlesbro'
			Tottenham H. v. Newcastle U.
			Notts C. v. Bolton W.
			Sheffield W. v. Oldham A.
			West Bromwich A. v. Bradford
			Everton v. Liverpool
			Chelsea v. Aston Villa
			Manchester C. v. Blackburn R.
			Bristol C. v. Barnsley

H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Derby C. v. Hull City
			Birmingham v. Fulham
			Grimsby T. v. Wolverhampton W.
			Blackpool v. Clapton O.
			Gillingham v. Portsmouth
			Cardiff C. v. Exeter C.
			Watford v. Millwall A.
			Plymouth A. v. Queen's Park R.
			Norwich C. v. Swindon
			Crystal Palace v. Reading

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 452. Week ending Saturday, January 30th, 1915. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, SPORTING *and* LEGAL *inquiries should be directed to the Financial, Insurance, Sporting, or Legal Editor, as the case may be. All communications should be addressed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

All remittances, applications for advertising space, subscriptions, orders, etc., should be addressed to Odhams, Limited, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copy of "JOHN BULL" for January 23rd, 1915, bearing on its Cover the Number 256,942.

Any person possessing this copy should apply to
THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Editor at the "Empire."

The example of the Editor in utilising the stage of the Empire Theatre for the purpose of a nightly chat about the war is likely to be extensively followed—always provided, as the lawyers say, that you can find the men! There's the rub!

A Suggestion.

In view of the approaching Zeppelin raid on London, why not paint the roofs of all our principal buildings khaki colour? Later on we will paint the whole of Berlin red.

Roping Them In.

Mr. H. G. Wells is the latest convert to Business Government, and especially to the branch of it which we have defined as Business Tariff Reform. By the time the war is over, we shall have them all. Even Victor Grayson is coming round.

Blood Will Tell.

There are nearly two hundred peers at the front—or, rather, there *have* been, for, alas! the names of the much-abused aristocrats have been a prominent feature of the Casualty Lists. Compare the percentage of the House of Lords which has risked its life for the country with that of the Commons, and never again deny that "blood tells." Even the Kur Hardie has to admit that "the upper classes are behaving well." Doubtless, however, they would rather be without his compliments.

Now, Mr. Churchill!

Is it the fact that the Admiralty have given a large petroleum contract to the Standard Oil Company—a late leading official of which, we believe, is a German officer fighting against us at the present time?

"If You See It——"

With uncanny precision we have again justified our slogan—"If you see it in JOHN BULL, it *is* so"; for almost simultaneously with the issue of our last number—which, of course, had gone to press some days previously—came the first experience of the air-craft raid which we had predicted. It is necessary, however, to repeat that this demonstration was merely an experiment by the enemy, and that it is to be followed by something on a much larger scale. Wherefore, it behoves every sensible citizen to be on his guard—and, incidentally, to avail himself of the free Insurance scheme set out on page 12.

Yet Another Prediction Fulfilled.

And again have our forecasts been justified. First, by the submarine attack on our merchant shipping, in pursuance of the policy which we foretold of blockading our ports—and, secondly, by the abortive sortie of Sunday last by a German squadron, with a view to a further raid on the East Coast. And, by the way, have you noticed the coincidence of the names of the four cruisers which we have sunk—namely, the *Blucher*, *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, and *Yorck*—these being the names of four Prussian generals who fought at our side a hundred years ago?

A Funny German Critic.

The military expert of the *Lokalanzeiger* is tickling us with a feather. This pen-and-ink warrior expresses the opinion that Great Britain cannot put into the field more than 200,000 "adequately-drilled men this spring," and estimates the total of British recruiting at 540,000. We have an idea that the "expert" will have a bad shock presently; he is going to wake up with a cold hose playing on the middle of his back.

Fighting Men's Leave.

Will some member of the Government inform us why our sailors and soldiers who have been granted leave of absence should pay *any* railway fares? Many men on their present scale of pay cannot afford to take advantage even of the concession of a double journey for single fare.

Back to the Firing Line.

Just a word for our wounded Tommies. Hundreds are now in this country recuperating, and no doubt are eager to get to the front again. There are others, however, who having enlisted and being trained, think they ought to have a chance. Why not give it them, and allow the veterans to take a more prolonged rest?

Another £1,000 for a Football Forecast. Single Week Contest. See page 29.

The War Prices Swindle.

With that patriotic instinct which so frequently characterises him in time of national emergency, the noble British pirate is at his game again. One after another, essential commodities have risen in price. Bread and butter, meat and matches, beans and bacon, coal and cod, flour and firewood, jam and ginger, tea and turnips, onions and oil—everything is "up" since the Government ceased to bother about prices. "I sent my maid into one shop for some starch," says a reader, "and the man told her it was up a ha'penny because the Government had run out of sugar. I myself went into another shop to purchase some hair-pins, and the assistant told me, without a blush, that they had been compelled to raise the price because Germany had created such a heavy demand for barbed wire netting. Presently I shall have to send out for some French nails, and I am confident the maid will be told they have gone up because there is so horrible a dearth of Ostend rabbits." The Government must interpose between the public and their plunderers.

Men and Medals.

Those who man our mine-sweepers, naval colliers, and such vessels—and whose case for better treatment we have before voiced—are asking whether the Admiralty intend to grant medals for their services. Our inquiries have failed to elicit information on the point; but we understand it is probable that these brave chaps will not be forgotten when the "gongs" are being served out. There are skippers serving in the Channel now who wear the Crimean ribbon, granted for transport work during that war. And, by the way—talking of medals—the men who took part in the action at Mons feel rather sore that they are to have no battle bar for that, one of the fiercest and pluckiest bits of military work in our history. Officially, it is looked upon as a retreat, and not a victory; but as a bit of rearguard work it was a great achievement. It is to be hoped that the War Office will strain a point, and that "Mons" will be found among the battle honours on our drums and colours; also on the medal bars of those who took part in the titanic struggle.

A Voice from Billingsgate.

There are people who know a great deal more of Billingsgate than we do, and when a reader tells us that he wishes to draw our attention to "Billingsgate sharks," we are naturally all attention—though what they are doing with sharks in that galley we do not understand. However, what he says is that since he has been "in the line" he has always understood there were Inspectors in the market to condemn bad fish, but recently he has seen specimens, fit only for manure, fetch high prices. "Then," says he, "there is the jolly jumbo, which is large haddock, Iceland pickled, which used to be sold in the Midlands for 1s. to 1s. 6d. These salesmen are making from 4s. 6d. to 6s. a stone, and the public are having it forced on them for Scotch hake at 8d. and 9d. per lb. Perhaps a few words from you will alter things." We hope so.

Latest War Edition.

Unless some of the British newspapers wish to acquire a reputation equal to Wolff's Wireless, they had better be more careful not to be spoofed. That yarn about La Bassée, which they so greedily swallowed when they found that the Press Bureau had not the smallest objection to its publication, turns out to be all bunkum. The incident reminds us of what an American editor said to us years ago. "Waal," said he, "give me a start with a thumpin' good lie fer twenty-fo' hours an' the rest of the 'arth is welcome tew as much of the truth ez it feels ekal to afterwards."

"The Girls they leave behind Them."

The Wandsworth Guardians had a lively discussion the other day, when a proposal from Paddington, protesting against the indiscriminate granting of pensions to the "unofficial" wives of troops on active service, was considered. To the honour of the Board be it recorded that the proposal was rejected by 15 votes to 7. The Rev. A. G. Prichard denounced the resolution as "a piece of disgusting, revolting, Pecksniffian hypocrisy," and we hereby extend to him the warm hand and the benignant optic. Lieut. E. A. Sanders, R.N., supplied a little comic relief by remarking that his cook in Hong Kong had three wives, and demanded of the Board whether he was any the worse cook on that account. This brought up Mrs. Cassidy, who, presumably flushing to the roots of her transformation, said: "It is all very well for you to talk about your Ching Chang Chow. I am disgusted that you should compare a poor, ignorant savage, born with polygamy in his blood, with the citizens of this country." We should like to see the male citizen of this or any other country who was not born with polygamy in his blood. He should be preserved as a specimen, in spirit, and Mrs. Cassidy might be given the job of dusting the receptacle. Notwithstanding religion and social convention, man remains a polygamous animal by instinct. When he ceases to be such, the old earth will have finished its spin.

A Word to the Post-Master General.

Are all things as they should be with the half-a-hundred odd waitresses employed at the Central Telegraph Refreshment Bar, Roman Bath Street, City? We have information to the opposite effect. We have reason to believe that the girls are being disgracefully overworked; that on some days they have to toil from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m., and not infrequently on Sundays from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., with half-an-hour for tea, and no weekly half-holiday. We are aware that there is enormous pressure in the telegraph department just now, but that seems to us no reason for over-taxing the waitresses, when so much female labour of that character is available, and when the question of cost need not arise. When Mr. Hobhouse has succeeded in persuading himself to reduce to a reasonable figure the charges on small parcels to troops on active service, perhaps he will give this other, and equally urgent, matter his attention.

Rattle his Bones!

The parish authorities of Abridge, Essex, are not to be congratulated on their reverence for the dead. A couple of weeks ago, the body of a poor old village celebrity was found in a pig-stye, and was taken to an outhouse of the nearest inn. There it was allowed to lie for a week, the parish potentates refusing to bury because there were two sons on whose shoulders they conceived the cost should fall. Supposing this to be so, surely it was the duty of the authorities to have provided for the burial, and then take steps to recover the cost. We hope such treatment of the pauper dead is not general.

Billeting Bickerings.

We have received numerous letters from householders complaining about billeting. They are not complaints against the men, but they concern the varying sums paid in different districts. We understand that there is a fixed amount per head, whether the men be put up in the Ritz Hotel or a Rowton House. Will the authorities who have charge of the matter look into this grievance? If one half of the stories we have received are true, injustice is being done in many cases.

Football Skill Contest—One Week only—£1,000 to be Won. See page 31.

Quality v. Quantity.

Having regard to all the facts, we are not disposed to lament that the official statistics of the perambulator business for 1913-14 show what the Local Government Board's man of figures calls a "striking fall." He points out that, if the fertility of married women in England and Wales in proportion to their numbers had been as high in 1912 as in 1876-80, the legitimate births in that year would have been about 400,000 more. But what bachelor bishops and other people who cry out that the manufacture of babies is a decaying national industry do not appear to understand, even from the national point of view, is that quantity does not necessarily imply quality. It is important—highly important—for those who have no right to interfere in the business at all to realise that the rate of infant mortality has declined 29 per cent. This means that though fewer little soldiers are coming into England and Wales, they are a lustier lot than ever before. It is better that British mothers should bear babies able to live. "Fewer but Fitter" is the right motto for this greatest of all industries. Hunger and rickets are no sort of capital for any British baby to start life with.

Pay and Smile.

We have not noticed anybody kicking up a dust over the appointment of the restless Restler to the Chief Engineership of the Metropolitan Water Board; which is rather surprising, considering. Never was such a funny little game since games were invented. Let it be re-stated. At the time of the acquirement of the Southwark and Vauxhall Waterworks Company by the Board, Mr. Restler was the Chief Engineer, and he was pensioned off at the expense to the community of £3,247 a year. Time passed, as time will, and Mr. Restler bobs up again as Deputy Chief Engineer to that same Water Board at a salary, in addition to his pension, of £1,827 per annum. Again time passes, as time will; Mr. Restler springs forth once more, with his joyful cry, "Here we are again," and immediately touches the cash-box as Chief Engineer at a salary of £2,500. Thus it is, therefore, that he now takes from the community £5,747 a year. The condition of Mr. Restler's appointment should have been the sacrifice of part, at least, of his pension.

Reviving Stock Exchange.

After a great deal of doubt and hesitation, not unmixed with genuine alarm about the innumerable complications that might ensue from the re-opening of the Stock Exchange, dealers have settled down to the new conditions of business more comfortably than might have been expected. Of course, there is a lot of grumbling about the rigid restrictions imposed at the instance of the Treasury, and which it is hoped may be gradually relaxed, but the situation is accepted loyally by everybody concerned, and there is a better flow of investment orders than many dared to hope. Of course, many people are seriously concerned about the low price of Consols, and we are frequently asked whether they are "safe"! Naturally, hundreds of millions of new loans cannot be raised without affecting the market value of existing securities, but Consols are as safe as the British Empire.

Give the Non-Com. a Chance.

Certain officers of the Indian Army on leave from regiments now at the front, are allowed to occupy supernumerary positions in British regiments. Surely the climatic conditions prevailing in this country do not differ so greatly from those on the Continent as to necessitate this step—especially as the officers' influence over the men at the front would be invaluable. They would, thus, make room for efficient non-commissioned officers to obtain a step in promotion.

Lauder's Laudable Lapse.

The last quarter of the year we have recently tucked away in its grave was three months packed with surprises. Out of the blue came the bolt of the war just when we holiday-makers who were belated were thinking of taking ourselves to the south and east coast or to the country. Our little handful of despicable mercenaries gave the great German war-machine the surprise of its life in the struggle at Mons and afterwards; there were surprises on sea; once in a while the modern flying-machine has sent surprises from the clouds to crack the ear-drums of inoffensive civilians; and on the very last day of the Old Year came the surprise of the market—the tape machines told newspaper and clubman that Harry Lauder had sent a thousand pounds to the Prince of Wales' Fund. It is whispered that when cleared the cheque will be sold to the highest bidder, and it is expected that the fund will thus further benefit very materially. We suggest that it should finally be included in the historical documents displayed for our edification in the British Museum.

Rough on Ripley.

We commiserate the inhabitants of Ripley upon their local journalistic affliction, the *Ripley Advertiser*. Its issue of January 14th contained a fulsome adulation of Lord Haldane, whom it characterises "one of our finest statesmen." Ye gods! the fine statesman who, upon his return from a visit to Potsdam, assured us that, so far as any German menace was concerned, all was well, and who has since informed his scandalised countrymen that, although his body is in England, Germany is the home of his spirit! Such is the "finest statesman" who, according to the *Ripley Advertiser*, "honoured the office of War Secretary during the whole of the six years he retained it." This fervent partisanship is quite pathetic, but notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of so influential a journal, we are afraid "Haldane Must Go!" In case some of our readers may never have heard of the Ripley referred to, we have pleasure in informing them that it is in Derbyshire.

Tommy's Boots.

Elsewhere we plead for better and more regular pay for Tommy. Now a word about his boots. There can be no doubt that several contractors ought to have been sent to gaol until the end of the war, or shot out of hand, for swindling the Government. We are frequently hearing of complaints of uppers reduced to pulp, soles which drop to pieces, and heels made of leather-rubbish; whilst a soldier, just returned from the front, says he has "gone through hell" with his feet. We admit that things have improved, although practical men tell us the Government are paying very much too stiff a price even for what they are now buying. Still, that is infinitely better than being swindled in the matter of material. Poor Tommy! He has had much to put up with!

On Guard.

Is it true that if anybody wants to find a policeman one can always be found outside the house of the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P., situate on the Clapham Common? Why is Mr. Burns guarded in this way, night and day; also who is paying the bill? If the right hon. gentleman is footing it himself, and the Chief Commissioner can spare the force for this private duty, the public are not concerned in the matter, but otherwise we should like to know. If every M.P. is at liberty to have two policemen all to himself, night and day, for nothing with £400 a year in addition, there will presently not be sufficient men afoot to watch the public houses with a view to enforcing the strict observance of the ten o'clock rule.

No Waiting! Single Week Football Contest this time. £1,000 Prize. See page 29.

THREE "DUDS"!

HALDANE!—McKENNA!!—MASTERMAN!!!

As we have so often said, we have no intention, whilst the war is on, of attacking His Majesty's Government—because it *is* His Majesty's Government. As we said at the Albert Hall, in time of war "My Country—right or wrong," and "My Government—good or bad," must be the motto of each of us. But that attitude is quite consistent with our desire to strengthen the hands of the Prime Minister by relieving him of the incubus of three colleagues whose continued presence in the Cabinet must be a source of grave embarrassment to him, and, at the same time, is a positive menace to the best interests of the nation. We refer to those "duds"—Messrs. Haldane, McKenna and Masterman; and we are going to suggest that their places be taken by three responsible members of the Opposition—say, Messrs. Balfour, Bonar Law and Austen Chamberlain. Each of these gentlemen is at the present time co-operating loyally with the Government, and it is nothing less than scandalous that they should have placed their services at the disposal of the country without any kind of fee or reward, whilst a raw youth like Masterman, absolutely devoid of practical experience, and without even a seat in Parliament, should be clowning about as a Cabinet Minister, and drawing a large salary for acting as one of the Chiefs of Lord Kitchener and Lord Fisher. Just reflect—an ex-Prime Minister, devoting himself day and night to the service of the nation, and giving the Government the benefit of his unique experience and knowledge of public affairs, without fee or reward, while this oleaginous young man draws several thousands a year, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and by virtue of that office sits grinning at Cabinet meetings!

First let us, as the logicians say, define our terms. Although in such popular use, the origin of the word "dud" seems uncertain. Its most probable derivation is from the Gaelic, in which language it signifies a rag. A "dudder" or "dudsman" is an old-fashioned term for a scarecrow, or, as one authority aptly puts it, "a man of straw, dressed in cast-off garments, to frighten birds." As far as the "cast off" part is concerned, we think our readers will agree that our heading is justified, though as regards the frightening we are afraid that our enemies are hardly likely to be terrified by limp, invertebrate beings such as the three "duds" whose personalities—if they can be said to possess such an attribute—we will now proceed to discuss.

THE MASTERFUL MASTERMAN.

Just think of it. Here is a young man who came to the House of Commons a few years ago with the reputation of being "an earnest student of social problems." He was on the staff of the *Daily News*, and he had written a book about the conditions under which the poor live He was also a keen Churchman. Unhappily, that is the type which commends itself to the Prime Minister. (Perhaps he thinks they can do no harm, being more easily managed than a man like John Burns!) And so it came to pass that by alternately criticising and belauding the Government, he found his way to the Treasury Bench, and after being buffeted about from one under-secretaryship to another, ultimately wormed himself into the favour of Mr. Lloyd George, and became a Cabinet Minister! And then his troubles began. His constituency, Bethnal Green, rejected him. Time passed, and he swooped down upon the "safe" seat of Ipswich—to be again sent about his business. Then a vacancy occurred at Swansea, and again an effort was made to foist him upon the electorate. But even his own Party would not make room for him, with the result that he had to decline the candidature; and just listen to what he said: "It is quite impossible *for a member of the Cabinet who are conducting the war* to contest the seat against another Liberal"! There you have it; he is helping to "conduct the war"—this seatless sycophant, whose chief claim to fame is that he was the official whitewasher of the perpetrators of the Akbar Reformatory atrocities! A nice man to deal with the Huns! And soon we shall see another attempt made to pitchfork him into a constituency, at the instance of the Party wire-pullers—and the poor electors will be deluded into the idea that *they* have elected him! It is monstrous that such a "dud" should sit in the Cabinet: an insult to the King; an insult to the patriotic leaders of the Opposition, and an insult to the nation. We suggest, therefore, that we should swap him for Mr. Balfour—and who will deny that the transaction would show a good profit?

THE MCKENNA.

And what of this Cabinet freak, who, in a few short years, has tried his hand at four different jobs? First we had him as Financial Secretary to the Treasury; then he became Minister of Education; *then* First Lord of the Admiralty; and then—and alas! *now*—Home Secretary! Thus has he lived up to his House of Commons nickname—the Shopwalker; he can supply you with anything you want—from a Budget to an Education Bill; from a Dreadnought to a Cat-and-Mouse Act! He can play any game—except "I Spy." You can't drive the idea of a spy into his head. We tried very hard to do so, when we were in the House, over the erection of that great crane by German workmen during the building of the *Thunderer*, every secret of whose construction to our absolute knowledge was conveyed to the Fatherland. But all to no purpose. And what an exhibition he is making of himself to-day! Just as he used to introduce Education Bills and then drop them almost before the ink was dry, so he now amuses himself by issuing Orders and then cancelling them the day after they become operative. He is a Parliamentary Duke of York—always marching his men up a hill, and marching them down again. He was no match for the Suffragettes—and the Germans frighten him almost

to death. He is as afraid to lock them up as he was in the case of the Pankhursts; whilst as for shooting one—it gives him the creeps. Why should he interfere with the Military authorities—why, indeed, should he do *anything?* After all, he gets only £5,000 a year, and it isn't fair to overwork him. Besides, look what *Mrs.* McKenna is doing—introducing deputations to her husband urging him to see to it that, when the war is over, our beer shall still cost us more, and that we shall drink less of it. *There* is a big problem for you—much greater, as an active "temperance worker" recently told us, than anything connected with the war! Ye gods! *what* "duds"! We suppose that crane has been taken down by now—otherwise we should like to extend its arm to Whitehall and hook up some of these Ministers. We are paying this man £5,000 a year, whilst Mr. Bonar Law is freely giving the Government his services. Surely it would be a good thing to make a swap here also.

THE SPIRITUAL HALDANE.

And here is the greatest dud of the lot—our late War Minister, whose "spiritual home" was in Germany! For seven years he abandoned his own trade—that of a Chancery lawyer—for the purpose of managing our Army. Clever fellows, these lawyers! But not quite as clever as the Kaiser, who, both personally and through his Ambassadors and others, fooled this one to the top of his bent. Truth to tell, he was an easy prey—for was not he a deep student of Teutonic culture? And how could it ever be possible, the old fool used to ask, for two nations so united by the ties of literature ever to quarrel? Bless his dear heart! And so he would pay periodical visits to Berlin, crack a *seidel* of lager with the Kaiser, witness the manœuvres of his Army—having everything officially explained to him; be present at naval reviews—when, again, he would be taken into the fullest confidence of Admiral Tirpitz!—buy the latest edition of Schopenhauer or Goethe (they kept Bernhardi away from him), and come back to tell us that Germany was our best friend, that the Man of the Moustache was "half English," and practically "one of ourselves," that there was no need for a big army, and that the two nations were locked together in everlasting peace! And then he would go to banquets and propose the health of the German Ambassador, who would respond, as Prince Lichnowsky did on one occasion, thus:—

> Of all the bonds that unite nations, none is stronger than intellectual sympathy, and nothing more apt to promote a real and lasting understanding than the great struggle against darkness, ignorance, and misery. I am happy to say that from time immemorial a close connection has existed between the intellectual leaders of our two great countries, and I am confident that this close intellectual connection will in future, as in the past, be a powerful help to the efforts of all those who work for the establishment of good understanding and harmony between the two great kindred nations. Luckily, I can avail myself of the opportunity to state that England and Germany are working side by side for the same object of maintaining European peace, and that never were our political relations more intimate and sincere than at present.

You see, this Chancery barrister was one of the "intellectual leaders"! At least, that is what Prince Lichnowsky thought—doubtless regarding himself and the Kaiser as two of the others. We remember catechising him one day in the House of Commons as to what he had learned at the German military manœuvres—with the result that in the end he was bound to admit that everything worth knowing had been kept from him. And yet for years he was belauded by the faithful hacks of his Party as a heaven-sent military organiser! We wonder what he would have thought could he have heard some of the "asides" of the late Sir Charles Dilke, during the exposition of the Army Estimates. Perhaps even Masterman, who usually occupied an adjoining seat, may not have forgotten. Does he remember the observation of the late Baronet, recalling what was once said about a famous judge—"If only Haldane were half as clever as he looks!" Surely it is time Lord Haldane got about his proper business and left politics alone—giving up his seat at the Cabinet table to Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

A GREAT EXPERIMENT.

Now, can you wonder that, with such elements in the inner councils of the State, we have allowed things to drift to the present pass? The marvel is that we have not been invaded and captured before now. We have had a lucky escape. But we really cannot take any more risks. These three "duds" must go. Their King and Country do *not* need them.

Just reflect what a great experiment it would be in the art of non-Party Government if the three Opposition leaders to whom we have referred were included in the Cabinet. Think of how it would lay the foundations of a saner and more patriotic conception of public life. Think of the effect upon the mind of Germany—which has counted so confidently on our internal political dissensions. Think, too, of the bickering, the waste of time and money, it would save. And, above all, remember that it would mean the hastening of the end of the war.

We are all agreed that the old Party lines have gone for ever, and that in future politicians must work together, free from the hypocrisies and unrealities of the past. Now, surely, is the accepted time to put the new principle into operation—with a view to the formation, after the termination of the war, of a Coalition Ministry to keep things going, pending the formation of the first Business Government—with all the seats in the House of Commons turned round to face the Speaker—gangways and Opposition benches being abolished, and the whole House sitting as a Business Committee of the nation, to assist the Executive Government in the management of its affairs. The experiment is well worth trying.

Besides, there is another aspect of the matter. The time will come when we shall have to consider the terms of settlement; and it will be then, of all times, that harmony, unanimity and unflinching firmness will be necessary. Anything in the way of Party wrangling will be fatal—just as the presence of "duds" and sentimentalists in the Cabinet will be a positive menace to the State. It is true that the little Navy and little England party are lying low at the moment, but we shall hear of them again as soon as danger is gone—and they must find no sympathetic ear in the Council of the King.

SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF TOMMY—AND JACK.

SEPARATION "SOPS"—STARVATION WAGES.

From time to time we have criticised the institutions and councils which are responsible for looking after the welfare of the wives, children and other dependents of the men who have answered their country's call. We regret that it should be necessary again to comment adversely upon their methods.

However, having devoted considerable time and energy to the work of recruiting, it is incumbent upon us to do all in our power for the welfare of the loved ones Tommy and Jack have left behind them. From the outbreak of hostilities we have, therefore, done our best to make things a little happier for them, both in the way of practical help with money, and by bringing pressure to bear upon the authorities in regard to many pressing grievances.

The time has now arrived, however, when fair words and persuasive methods towards those who are responsible for administering public money must give place to drastic action. The Army Pay Department and the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association, we affirm, are responsible for as much misery and hardship amongst our fighting men's dependents as have been endured by their breadwinners in the trenches. We shall have to wait until after the war before certain officials are brought to trial and hanged—but their maladministration can no longer be allowed to continue.

SEPARATION ALLOWANCES.

As is well understood, a part of the pay of a soldier or a sailor is allocated to those dependents he leaves behind him. The scale is mean beyond measure; but, mean as it is, many a brave man has been done to death by a German bullet while here, in a land of plenty, his wife and children have had withheld from them the money they were justly entitled to. It will be asked how this state of affairs came about. In the first place, we were unprepared for war, and the Army Pay Department had to deal with hundreds of thousands of families when its staff were capable of dealing with only a tenth part of the cases. The War Office, realising that organisation could not be improvised, called for help; and the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association came to the rescue. It accepted the responsibility of looking after the welfare of our fighting men's families until such time as the Pay Department got into working order. It was given power to advance the full separation allowance, and a nice mess it made of it. From the commencement of hostilities letters of complaint have reached us by every post. We have had callers galore. The most urgent cases we helped from our own War Sufferers' Fund. The others we forwarded to the Head Office of the Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association. As time went on and things did not improve, we wrote the Association, suggesting that they should send a representative to our office each morning with a view to taking particulars of the complaints as they reached us. They declined; but as a concession they promised to deal with the letters themselves if we would send them to their office. Naturally, we declined to part with possession of communications that had been despatched to us in confidence. In the circumstances, all we could do was to give what relief we could out of our own fund, and direct the others how to tackle the authorities. From amongst the number of sad cases we help every week a selection is published. So pathetic were some of these cases that the Soldiers and Sailors Families Association wrote and asked us to supply them with the names and addresses. How characteristic! Whilst they were not prepared to investigate the hundreds of cases we were unable to assist, they were only too ready to pry into those in which we had rendered help! With what object we leave our readers to guess. Naturally we refused to give them the information. But here let us say that the name and address of every case we help is always at the disposal of any subscriber. Prudes on the prowl, we bar! The Soldiers and Sailors Families' Association we have found to be a hopeless body. We will leave them at that until after the war.

THE ARMY PAY DEPARTMENT.

This department, after six months of war, should be in working order, and able to cope with all claims. But it is not. Parliament, when it meets, should get to know the reason why. In the meantime let us look at the scale of separation allowances it should administer. Take a typical case of a soldier's family of a wife and three children. The Government allowance is 15s. a week! The husband's pay is 7s. 7d. We ask members of Parliament who find it hard to struggle along on £8 a week, how they expect a woman and three children to live on 15s. a week. If these gentlemen would like a further demonstration of the impossibility of the situation, we would draw their attention to another Government allowance, namely, that of a billeted soldier. The minimum allowance is 17s. 6d. a week for each man. So the Government expects a poor woman and three children to struggle along on 2s. 6d. a week less than is allowed for one soldier! And the woman has to pay rent, buy clothes, pay insurance, provide for sickness, and feed herself and the kids.

In the circumstances, we have no hesitation in saying that the woman is fighting a harder battle than her husband, and, as a nation, we ought to feel ashamed of ourselves. In quoting the example of the wife and three children, we have taken an exceptional case in favour of the authorities. For very shame's sake we refrain from quoting instances of allowances to mothers who have been deprived of their sons' earnings. Their case is simply a bare-faced swindle, for mean as the allowance is on paper, the Pension Committee have jockeyed them out of it in ninety per cent. of cases. Then we have many sad examples of men who were married after August 14th last. This date seems to have been the time limit set by Government for soldiers to get married within. Every girl who married a soldier after August 14th is barred from separation allowance unless she can prove that her husband kept her before marriage, or that a definite promise of marriage in writing was made before that date! Was there ever such rot? Parliament will meet very soon and all separation allowances must be considerably increased. Parliament, however, will not move without pressure from without. In the circumstances, we suggest that meetings be organised in every part of the country, and resolutions passed and sent to M.P.s demanding that the matter have their immediate attention.

In the meantime, we shall continue to do our best for our brave chaps and their women and youngsters.

After all, Tommy and Jack are the only men to-day who matter.

WORK FOR OLD SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

And whilst on the question of the treatment of our fighting forces, we may mention that we have under consideration a scheme for the suitable employment of veterans no longer fit to compete in the open labour market. And, incidentally, we shall want to know what the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, of Brompton Road, are doing in this direction.

AN ALBERT HALL ECHO.

PEN PICTURE OF OUR GREAT MEETING.

By WALTER MOORE.

Outside the Albert Hall—a seething, swaying mass of humanity, besieging every door in that vast circumference, good humouredly but determinedly resisting the adjuration of the equally good humoured police to move along—at least until a squad of mounted constables appeared upon the scene and cleared a passage; a long and desperate struggle at the main door.

Once within, the transition to the brilliantly illuminated dome was dazzling. The spaces of the Albert Hall are too vast to permit of more than a blurred impression of the multitude who packed it. From the spacious arena to the topmost gallery, masses of pin-head faces greeted the eye in every direction, stuck, as it were, upon a background of khaki. It was khaki, khaki everywhere, interspersed with the more drab attire of civilian humanity. Upon the orchestra khaki stood out in bold masses, relieved by the striking scarlet tunics of the Jand of the Irish Guards, the quaint uniforms of a company of Chelsea pensioners, the cheerful grey of a squad of Red Cross nurses, and the blue and white striped armlets of many special constables. It was a stirring scene, a wonderful and heartening sight.

The Rev. Mr. Waldron was speaking. He had made a point; and instantly the multitudinous hands of that immense assembly were agitated like the leaves of a forest by a passing breeze. He ceased, and sat. He had done well. The vigour of the applause which followed proclaimed it. But the steady roar swelled into human thunder when the equally arresting and unobtrusive figure of the speaker of the evening made his belated appearance. His unpunctuality was in itself a tribute to his greatness as an orator and a man. He had had to fight his way through a dense mass of disappointed people who had come to hear his clarion call to arms, and who, even when all hope of doing so had failed, yet would not give up hope.

Remembering the scene without, and watching the thrilling spectacle before me, I questioned myself whether there were another man in England, in the British Isles, nay, throughout the Empire, who, unshackled by Party, unattached to Creed, in the truest and profoundest sense politically and spiritually free, by the sheer force and magic of his personality, and by virtue of the patriotic gospel he preaches, could attract so vast and sympathetic an audience as this. And I answered, there is none.

What of the speech? What can one say of a speech which, from the first word to the last, was compacted of unanswerable appeals to the young manhood of the nation to spring to the aid not only of the Motherland and the glorious Empire of which she is the soul, but to the succour of threatened Liberty, to the assistance of true Religion, and the help of Humanity? He pleaded for a clearer conception of the stern task that lies before us. He asked that we might be treated by the powers that be not like babes afraid of the dark, but like men and women of the unconquerable British breed, whom nothing can affright or daunt, so that we might brace ourselves for the bitter struggle, and give ungrudgingly, nay, gladly and proudly, all that may be demanded of us to win a lasting victory.

And at the end he drew a picture of what the final victory might win: a world purged of the peril of party, cleansed of the curse of warring sects and creeds, and freed for ever from the hideous menace of militarism. He showed us, and we could see with him, a "brighter and clearer road" for humanity to tread, "with the Prince of Peace at the end pointing to the Star of Bethlehem, which leads us up to God!"

WILL THE WAR HASTEN SOCIALISM?

SILENT CHANGES IN OUR HABITS.

By GEORGE S. ASTINS.

Not the least surprising of all the wonderful arrangements set in motion by the necessities of war has been the automatic birth of sweeping Socialistic ideas. By a stroke of the pen the railways came under Government control; foodstuffs were purchased for the good of the community; and many a thing that Socialists have suggested and argued about for decades has come into being with hardly a note of surprise.

All this is interesting as a part of the organisation in the present crisis; but there is a deeper meaning—and one that will have to be reckoned with *after the war is over*. For what can be done once can be done again, and improved upon into the bargain.

And whenever was such practical help and sympathy shown as is evidenced by what we are doing for our brave defenders on land and sea? Wherever was such charity organised on a true humanitarian basis, as that extended to the Belgian refugee on our shores? I need not say that not one single Briton begrudges these afflicted ones an iota of all the succour we have been privileged to give them; but where before have people bestirred themselves so energetically to relieve distress? When before have men and women gone from house to house asking help in money and kind to assist these homeless ones? And when before has there been such a response?

If—as Mr. Bottomley said at the Albert Hall—this same energy had only been in vogue years before for our own countrymen; if only a small percentage of the enormous war loan had been voted for housing reform, hospitals and sanatoria, earlier old-age pensions, unemployment schemes on the land and other enterprises; if only the ladies who are now knitting so commendably for our Tars and Tommies had bethought themselves before of all the needy ones in every town and city—what a difference it would have made!

The churches are now holding meetings about the war. They are talking of the cleansing of our civil life which the conflict will bring about; they prophesy that we shall live more for one another as the result of this cleansing fire. They postulate that egoism will be eliminated by altruism; that selfishness will be destroyed by sacrifice; and that master and man will at last recognise each other as human beings, with the same feelings and aspirations, the same hopes and fears. How strange to hear the Church talking like this, when her members have been chief offenders in the past, drowning the cries of despairing men with anthems, endeavouring to sweeten the slums with incense, putting worship first and works last!

The workers who are giving their lives and those of their dear ones to uphold the Empire are not missing the signs that are deeper than the fluttering of flags and the booming of cannon. They will want to know the reason why, *afterwards*, of many inequalities, why thousands were in want with so many millions of money available; and they will want the answer—*afterwards*. They will not tolerate an expensive Party machine grinding out volumes of Debates. They will want Business—and with capital letters.

When the Great Dawn shall break this blackened night—when the carnage is over and the hideous strife is passed—then all the energy, all the charity of spirit, all the up-welling of brotherly feeling that the dark night evoked, one to the other, in this Island Home, *must still go on*, till the foul blot of millions of starving sweated, homeless, hopeless ones, shall be removed for ever.

Use a "John Bull" Pen, and Nothing but a "John Bull" Pen.

AN INIQUITOUS JUDGMENT.

SCANDALOUS OPERATION OF HIRE PURCHASE LAW.

The law in regard to hire purchase agreements stands urgently in need of radical amendment, and scarcely a week passes without some glaring instance of its anomalous operation. It is idle to blame traders who freely avail themselves of their legal rights, and if from time to time we mention particular firms, it is in most instances by way of illustration rather than of censure. In January, 1910, a Russian Jew living at Hackney was induced to purchase a piano upon the instalment plan from Messrs. Elman Brothers and Company, Limited, of Whitechapel, E. The purchaser, or the "hirer" as Messrs. Elman would prefer to call him, had but an imperfect command of our language, and at the very outset there seems to have been a misunderstanding as to the precise terms of the bargain. The firm supplied the usual account book for the entry of payments, and their agent filled up a form on its cover which purported to be a "copy of agreement" between the parties. This memorandum was undated, and its details entered in a most slovenly fashion. Of course, it had no legal significance, the actual agreement previously signed by the purchaser having been retained by the agent for the use of his principals.

It seems that the list price of the piano was £40, although £38 was the figure entered in the account book memorandum. However, when the purchaser had paid £35 15s. in five-shilling instalments, a dispute arose as to the balance due, and, pending its settlement, the payments ceased. Messrs. Elman then appear to have acted in a most peremptory fashion, and the purchaser ultimately received the following letter from a firm of solicitors :—

> We are instructed by our clients, Messrs. Elman Bros. and Co., Ltd., of 159, Whitechapel Road, E., to apply to you for the prompt payment of the sum of £4 15s., being arrears of hire rent due to them. Unless we receive this amount, together with 5s., our charges in the matter, by Monday morning next, legal proceedings will be commenced against you without further notice.

The phrase "hire rent" marks an innovation in hire purchase terminology, already painfully confused. In point of fact the arrangement was for instalment "purchase," and morally, if not legally, the purchaser had already acquired a vested interest in the piano to the extent of the £35 odd which he had paid. Unfamiliar with English legal methods, he was annoyed and mystified by the receipt of a writ, issued at the instance of Messrs. Elman and specially endorsed in the following terms :—

> The Plaintiffs claim that they are the Owners, and entitled to the immediate possession of a pianoforte, No. 11371, and that the Defendant has detained, and still detains, the same from the Plaintiffs, and the Plaintiffs claim the return of the said Pianoforte or £40, the value thereof, and damages for the detention thereof, and the Plaintiffs also claim the sum of £9 15s., being the balance due for the hire of the said Pianoforte for 160 weeks from January 17th, 1910, to February 14th, 1913, at 5s. per week.

It would be hard to find a more striking instance of the harsh operation of the existing law. Apart from the dispute as to the exact balance due, there seems to have been little doubt as to the strict legality of the plaintiffs' claim. In effect, they sought to recover possession of the piano, and at the same time to compel the defendant to pay them the whole of the agreed purchase price. Not content with this extravagant demand, they also sought damages for the detention of the instrument when the instalment payments had ceased. Staggered by the enormity of these claims, the purchaser failed to enter an appearance to the writ, and judgment thus went by default. An order for the restitution of the piano was made, and the defendant was further adjudged debtor to the plaintiffs to the tune of £45 14s. 2d., inclusive of costs. According to our latest information, the purchaser has declined, law or no law to give up his piano. More power to his arm! The bill of costs is a truly formidable document. It runs to four typewritten foolscap sheets, and totals £15 7s. 2d., including such items as two "Term fees" of 15s. each, "Instructions for Special Endorsement," 13s. 4d., and attending a summons and an appointment before the Master, at the same charge per time. It might all have been done through the County Court for little more than the same number of shillings as the poor defendant has to pay pounds!

A FOUL-MOUTHED FANATIC.

MISPLACED CLEMENCY AT BOW STREET.

Hard upon our recent reference to the offensive tactics of certain self-styled moralists, comes the report of police court proceedings at Low Street, where the Rev. Wilfrid Lawson Broadbent, describing himself as a "missionary," was charged with "insulting conduct" and "using words likely to cause a breach of the peace." While holding forth to a group of Army Officers outside the Holborn Restaurant, at ten minutes to one in the morning, Broadbent was noticed by a police-constable, whose subsequent statement upon oath is thus summarised by a morning contemporary :—

> Outside the Holborn Restaurant, where there had been a dinner, the prisoner was talking to a group of Army Officers. One of them asked the witness to remove him, as he was intruding on their conversation. The witness asked him to go, and he said he would not do so, adding, "What I am telling these men is for their good." There was a woman in the company of a sergeant-major, and the prisoner made use of an offensive expression to her. The sergeant-major protested, and was about to strike the prisoner, when the witness intervened. He took the prisoner into custody and, at the police station he said, "Any girl out at this time in the morning is a ———."

Unable to rebut these odious charges, Broadbent fell back upon the futile plea that he had "advised the men for their own good," but Sir John Dickinson declined to accept any such canting excuse. Declaring that the police officer had acted "very properly" in making the arrest, his Worship observed :—

> It is possible that you were advising them to the best of your ability, but in these actions, common-sense, as well as tact and Christian charity, should be exercised. You turned to a woman who was there. For aught you knew she might have been the wife or sister of one of the officers, and nothing could have been more offensive than what you said to her. There can be nothing more offensive to a man—especially to a soldier—than to hear a woman who is with him, and who may be a relative of his, called what you called her.

Having regard to all the circumstances of the case, justice perhaps demanded a rather sterner rebuke, nor do we quite appreciate the action of the Magistrate in "binding over" the prisoner instead of administering the sharp correction which he had richly earned. We should like a little more information as to the identity and antecedents of the Rev. Wilfrid Lawson Broadbent. We should like a few more particulars of the man's earlier "missionary" activities. Even in these degenerate days the spiritual rôle demands sounder qualifications than brazen insolence and a foul tongue.

POLICE AND PUBLIC.

SEVERE SENTENCE FOR DOUBTFUL OFFENCE.

The ways of our Metropolitan police are sometimes difficult to understand. A few days ago the wife of a man who has thrown over a good post to put on the uniform and fight for the Flag, was arrested in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road. She had been to a picture palace with a girl friend. Afterwards she had refreshment to the extent of two bottles of stout. When making her way home, after parting from her friend, she was spoken to by a policeman in a dark street, who in a few sentences convinced her that she was under arrest on a charge of drunkenness. At the police station the Inspector apparently had doubts as to the accuracy of the allegation of insobriety; but the matter seems soon to have been set right by the alteration of the charge to "soliciting," the woman then being placed in a cell. In the morning she was carted away to Bow Street with the usual daily scourings of humanity. Of course she had no witnesses, and it was, therefore, her word against that of a uniformed officer. In the end, she was told by the Magistrate that she must pay £2 7s. 6d. She was mercifully allowed a fortnight in which to find this—for her—great sum, but as she has only the separation allowance granted by the Government, and out of it has to pay for house, food, fuel, light and other things, it looked as though she must go to gaol to expiate a very doubtful offence, when we heard of the matter and paid the amount out of our Fund.

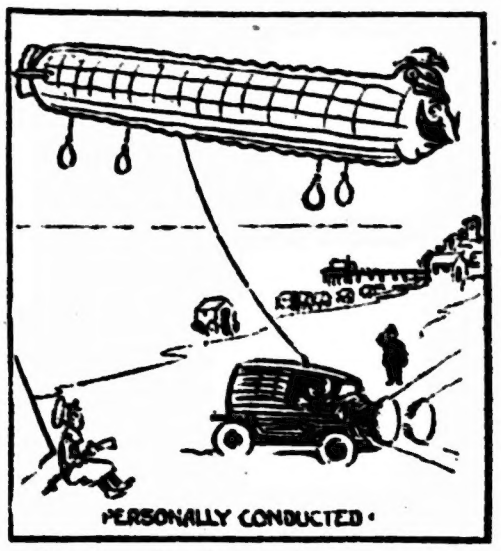
Don't forget the "John Bull" Pen Coupon on page ii. of Cover.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

·CAMBERWELLCOMES V.C.S.·

Corporal Holmes of Bermondsey
Home returns with his V.C.,
To find his wife (the papers tell)
Has got a young "V.C." as well!



·PERSONALLY CONDUCTED·

The Zeppelin that lately came
To deal down death with bomb and flame,
Was guided through the murky night
By a suspicious motor's light.

·THE ROCKBOUND RADICAL·

Flatly the Government decline—
Shocked—to protect Miss Aniline,
Who, at the finish of the war,
Will go to Germany once more.

·EMPIRE TO EMPIRE CALLS·

Responding to the Empire's call
The British and the music-hall),
This week, Horatio each night
Will spur our manhood to the fight!

·THE SLEEPING BEAUTY·

The gallant deeds our soldiers do
Are still concealed from me and you;
When will fair Fame from sleep arise,
And praise our heroes to the skies?

"CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE" KIDDIES

Thick snow on London town descends
And its vast bulk in beauty blends;
Awhile, with joy, the children play—
And then it swiftly melts away!

CITIZENS' ASSURANCE.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF DIRECTORS.

The British Citizens' Assurance Co., Ltd., is a petty-fogging concern—which during the five years of its existence has done very little business, and has not paid to its shareholders any dividend on its £18,579 issued capital. We understand that the directors draw no fees—and readily believe it, for, according to the last accounts, the Company did not appear to have any cash assets. On the contrary, it owed its bankers some £31 odd on an overdraft. It has also raised loans, against security, for £1,594, and its assets fairly valued would most certainly not cover its liabilities. Under a Business Government, the Board of Trade would have made a speedy end to this farcical Company long ago. So far as its directors are concerned, the first part of its title "British Citizens," in view of the diversity of their normal occupations, is no doubt justified, whilst as for "Assurance," we are prepared to admit that the fact that it continues to do business is strong evidence that it possesses the quality. We do not, however, like its latest balance sheet, nor the idea that a works manager in Wednesbury, a minister at Pontypridd, a drapery and laundry proprietor at Kidderminster, and other scattered directors, including a King's Sheriff in Guernsey, are supervising its operations. We may add that all the original directors resigned from office some time ago. We commend their prudence.

THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

[In the loud chorus of praise which we raise daily in honour of our gallant soldiers and sailors on active service, we are apt to forget others who remain unhonoured and unsung, because they do not happen to wear the King's uniform. We allude to the Mercantile Marine.—JOHN BULL, *January 16th, 1915.]*

We pledge the British soldier at the banquet and the bar,
We drain a brimming bumper to the gallant fighting tar;
We name a host of heroes who have quelled the foeman's brag—
But aye forget the lad who guards the Old Red Flag.

He bears our British merchandise afar, from mart to mart;
He spreads our native industries and speeds our native art,
He brings us spices, fruits and gold in many a bulging bag,
While o'er his head floats fair and free the Old Red Flag.

He steers the noble liner in the race from strand to strand,
He holds ten thousand lives within the hollow of his hand:
Oft tried, but ever true to trust: Then shall the nation lag
In honouring her heroes 'neath the Old Red Flag?

Then, one toast more—"Our Mercantile Marine!"
Trusty boys our land employs—as grand as e'er we've seen.
Blow high, blow low the stormy foe, he sails away serene,
So pledge and pour one bumper more—"Our Mercantile Marine!"

BERNARD MALCOLM RAMSAY.

Result of our 12th Football Contest. See page 29.

TUT, TUT, TUCK!

QUICK PROFITS AND SMALL RETURNS.

The painting competitions "for boys and girls and amateurs," organised from time to time by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, have doubtless occasioned much innocent amusement to the rising generation, while furnishing an excellent advertisement for the publications of the firm. Substantial prizes are offered to the most successful aspirants, while for all who pass a certain qualifying standard there is a Certificate of Merit. With regard to the competition which was to have closed in December last, Messrs. Tuck may be permitted to speak for themselves. We quote from a circular in which the rules and conditions of the contest are attractively set forth:—

> The competition is for the best copies in water-colours of any coloured page in Tucks' Patent Paint Box Painting Books, Tucks' Painting Books, or Tucks' Painting Albums, at Sixpence and a Shilling each. The competitor's copy is to be made on the outline page, which will be found opposite the corresponding coloured picture in all Tucks' Painting Books and Albums.

We have no doubt that the announcement of this admirable scheme was the signal for a "run" on Tucks' Painting Books and Albums. As to the quality of the efforts submitted it is impossible to speak with certainty, for before the close of the year a formal notice in the following terms was addressed to each aspirant—:

> We beg to inform you that in consequence of the War we have decided to postpone the date of entry for the competitions until Peace is declared. We will inform you as soon as possible of the altered date for the acceptance and judging. In the meantime we are retaining your design until the judging takes place. Should you prefer having it returned, kindly write us to that effect.

We have no exact knowledge of the financial affairs of this much-advertised business house, and if it was really necessary for them to postpone the award of five hundred guineas' worth of prizes, they have our sympathy. At the same time, we are bound to suggest that to sell goods on the strength of an advertised competition and subsequently to vary a salient condition of the contest is scarcely our notion of "playing the game." Seeing that the scheme was first promulgated in July of last year it is probable that Messrs. Tuck have already realised their hopes in the way of increased sales. This, at any rate, is the view of a lady reader, who writes:—

> They have sold out every old book that was in stock. I, myself, tried at Selfridge's for some, and found there were none to be had.

She adds:—

> I know many, many children who are bitterly disappointed and some adults, too.

By the way, the name of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as a judge of the competition and as a director of the firm should be an absolute guarantee of *bona-fides*. It is possible that the matter may have escaped his attention, and, in that case, he may welcome this gentle remonstrance.

COLLECTING COLLECTORS' CASH.

"IT'S YOUR MONEY THEY WANT"—NOT A BOND.

The Express Photo Agency (Mr. Gardiner, Manager), of Walter House, 418–422, Strand, W.C., advertised in the Press as follows:—

> COLLECTOR REQUIRED, for London and suburbs, weekly accounts, etc. Salary 35s. per week and commission. Must provide guarantee bond or cash deposit £25 (returnable on demand).—Address, with full particulars, "C.R."

Although they state their willingness to accept a guarantee bond instead of a cash deposit, an applicant for the post informs us that he recently offered to furnish such a bond, but that Mr. Gardiner pressed for the £25 in money, and would hear of no other security. The applicant then offered to deposit the money in a bank in the joint names of himself and the solicitor to the Agency, the same to be thus available to make good any shortage in his accounts, but Mr. Gardiner declined this most reasonable proposal. He refuses to trust strangers with the collection of the Agency's accounts unless a sum to cover any possible shortage be first handed to him, but he expects to be trusted by them without his furnishing any security whatever that it will be returned intact when required. We advise readers to give him a wide berth.

ENRICHING THE ENRIC BROTHERS.

PRETTY PLOT FOR PUSHING A PUZZLE.

Messrs. Enric Brothers, of 7, Gore Street, Piccadilly, Manchester, have been busily working the snowball coupon wheeze. In a recent circular letter they proudly announced to "Dear Sir or Madam" that they had just patented and introduced on the market a very clever puzzle that they wished to distribute in large numbers. We have no objection to the Enric Brothers distributing a very clever puzzle in large numbers. It is the manner in which they proposed to do it to which we take exception. "We wish to enlist a number of workers to help us," they say, "and if you care to devote a few minutes to our service we will acknowledge those services by sending you absolutely free one of our puzzles." Enric Brothers' conception of what constitutes an "absolutely free" article differs greatly from our own. They say: "We enclose a coupon which please fill and return to us together with 1s. P.O." Now we cannot, by any exercise of logic, regard an article as gratis for which we are required to send a shilling. But Enric Brothers get over the difficulty in this way: "We will send per return a set of four coupons exactly like the enclosed one, which you will sell to four of your friends at 3d. each, thus recovering the 1s. paid for the set. Thus far you have had little trouble and no expense," they continue. But that is a debatable point. One might have very considerable trouble in persuading four friends to hand over threepence apiece for a mere "scrap of paper." And in the very likely event of the failure of one's persuasive powers, one would be landed with the expense of the 1s. P.O. sent trustingly to the Brothers Enric. It therefore amounts to this—no gullible friends, no "absolutely free" puzzle from the fraternal Enrics. For they say: "As soon as your four friends have each applied for a set of coupons we will send you one of our patent puzzles which is a well made and attractively presented article worth a few shillings. Your friends may each obtain a puzzle in the same manner (*sic*)." It is an old game. Not till the dear Brothers have received five shillings from five fools will they send the first of them a puzzle which may or may not be worth as many pence. "We offer numerous prizes to every person obtaining a puzzle from us who succeeds in mastering its solution within a week of receiving it," they conclude. "You have everything to gain and nothing to lose." It seems to us, on the other hand, that in dealing with Enric Brothers one has nothing to gain, but runs the risk of losing one shilling and four friends.

WHAT HO, "GLOBO!"

THE GERMAN ARTICLE WITH AN ITALIAN POLISH.

We showed the other day how the Fritz Schulz, Jun., Aktiengesellschaft, of Leipzig, executed a quick change movement when war with Germany was threatening, the exact position being so invidious that we are still left in doubt as to whether Globe Polish is now manufactured over here by Messrs. Raimes and Co., Ltd., or by the Globe Polish Co., Ltd.—a German concern owned be the Fritz Schulz, Jun., Company. At the moment, Messrs. Raimes claim, in circulars and advertisements, to be the sole manufacturers, whilst it is stated on the tins that Herr Schulz's Globe Polish Co., Ltd., is the guilty party. However that may be, our good friend Italy may soon be called upon to solve a similar problem, should she decide to join the Allies. At the moment, all is serene and beautifully clear. Herr Fritz Schulz, Jun., of Leipzig, proclaims himself the sole manufacturer of the Globe Polish ("Globo") sold in Italy, and Herr Max Frank, of the Via Giulio Uberti 13 (*absit omen!*), Milan, boasts of being its wholesale concessionaire in that country. We trust that the Italian Government may give him sufficient notice before they enter into the fray against the Huns, so that Herr Max Frank may, by indulging in a rigorous course of sparghetti, macaroni and garlic convert himself into Maximillo Frankesci, and thus be able to continue to sell Herr Schulz's Globe Polish to the satisfaction of his customers, and to the enrichment of himself and of its German manufacturer, or may form some pure-blooded Italian Company to carry on the good work.

"Bullets"—the Best Judged Competition with Most Prizes.

A "CAPITAL" IDEA.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH SLUMMER SCENTS SCOOP.

Ambitious to lend a hand at capturing German trade, a reader inserted an advertisement in a London journal for a partner with £300. This brought about a correspondence with a Mr. A. B. Hanbury-Taylor-Edwardes, of 10, Queensdale Road, Holland Park, London, W., one of whose letters, written on Carlton Hotel notepaper, lies before us. We will let it speak for itself:—

> Dear Sir,—I received your letter of 24th inst. to-day, and I fully note contents of same, and which, under the circumstances, makes it quite necessary that I should visit you. I am in a position to be able to raise the loan of £300 for you—and for the purpose you require it. But I am sorry to say I cannot possibly pay you the visit to arrange for the matter unless you remit me first my *return railway fare*, which is £1 7s. 4d., and the sum of £5 5s.—for my day's time, etc., visiting you. Total, £6 12s. 4d. On your remitting me this sum, and on receipt of same I will *at once* and *immediately* arrange to come and see you.—Waiting your reply.
>
> I am, yours faithfully,
>
> A. B. HANBURY-TAYLOR-EDWARDES.

Address to 10, Queensdale Road, Holland Park, London, W. Never having had the honour of Mr. double-hyphened-Edwardes' acquaintance, we sent one of our Commissioners to pay him a visit. Queensdale Road, "Holland Park," is a squalid street off the Uxbridge Road, No. 10 being a small shop at which letters are received. Although he timed his call for nine o'clock in the morning, considerable confusion appeared to descend upon the inmates of the back parlour. In some unaccountable way Mr. A. B. Hanbury-Taylor-Edwardes appeared to have got mislaid. "Ma" was sure he was still asleep, but "Sissie" thought he hadn't been there for days. Ultimately it was decided to call "Pa," who told our representative that Mr. A. B. Hanbury-Taylor-Edwardes occupied some rooms on the premises, but had already left for the City "on most important business." It was, it seemed, unlikely that he would appear in the flesh at No. 10 at any given period, that he had a City office in some region as yet unascertained, but that if our representative would not mind waiting for him at Charing Cross Station, something might happen which would produce Mr. Hanbury-Taylor-Edwardes there at the same moment—or thereabouts. The invitation was not accepted. Our man told "Pa" that the surroundings of Mr. Hanbury-Taylor-Edwardes were not such as to inspire confidence—to be met with the rejoinder that it "was unwise to judge by appearances"—which invited the obvious retort that he would be unkind to judge "Pa" by *his*. And so thence, thinking of Pepys' words: "Whether the fellow do this out of kindness or knavery, I cannot tell; but it is pretty to observe."

'WARE WATSON!

STRAMONIUM CIGARETTE SWINDLE REVIVED.

The Stramonium Cigarette gang have been at their dirty work again. We pursued them in these columns throughout 1912 and 1913, and ceased our exposures only when one of the travellers got landed in gaol and they suspended operations. We now learn that they are again active, and it may save some new readers from being defrauded if we repeat our warning. The *modus operandi* is to foist rubbishy cigarettes on shopkeepers on representations which are not fulfilled, and as the "sole proprietor" of these abominations does not reply to the letters of protest sent to him, there is no easy remedy. Two years ago, communications sent to the address of the head of the gang in Bordesley Street, Birmingham, were returned by the Dead Letter Office, but so late as June last his bill-headings still gave that as his place of business. John Watson, the man in question, states on his bills that "Stramonium Cigarettes contain no tobacco," and that he has "no agents," and "no connection with any other firm." He could truthfully add that he has no known address, and no conscience. The Police might furnish him with the former, and they would certainly do so, if, by chance, they sampled one of his weird smokes, which are claimed to be "invaluable for colds, coughs, asthma, influenza, etc." They may be—but we feel sure that they are useless for fighting *against* these ailments.

LOW WAGES AND DEAR FISH.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE TRAWLERMAN.

In consequence of information received, we have come to the conclusion that steam trawling *is* a sweated industry, and one of the worst at that. Perilous enough in times of peace, the fisherman's trade, in consequence of the war, is now pursued only at frightful risk. Through wintry seas, strewn with the Germhun devils' mines, he thrashes his way, often under orders to stop for no weather, doing giant's work, sometimes thirty or even forty hours on end without respite, to win a harvest from the sea, and, incidentally, to make a harvest for the owners. Talk about an eight-hour day and ninepence and tenpence an hour makes the trawlerman smile grimly. Such blessings are not for him. If he could be sure of sixteen hours on and eight off he would think himself lucky indeed. As things are, a two-hours' spell in his bunk—provided he is not thrown out of it by a heave of the ship—followed by another indefinite spell of duty, is as much as he dare hope for, and for which he may expect the handsome pay of 2d. per hour, and 2d. in every pound earned by the trawler after all expenses are paid! The price of fish has gone up by leaps and bounds. The wages of the trawlermen remain the same, if not lower than they were before the war. Fish is fetching three and sometimes four times as much as it was in July. Who is making the profit? The vessels are insured by the Government up to 80 per cent. of their value, the owners standing only the remaining 20 per cent. And yet bo'suns still earn only 24s. per week, 3rd hands 21s. per week, and spare hands, deckies and cooks but 18s. per week, or less. If this is not sweating we should very much like to know what to call it. To make matters worse, the trawlerman does not come under the operations of the Workmen's Compensation Act; but 6d. per month is deducted from his pay for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund—which, in the event of his death *at sea*, doles out 3s. 6d. a week to his widow and 1s. a week to each child. Surely the men, and the dependents of the men, who win from amidst the perils of the sea one of the nation's staple foods, deserve more generous, not to say more human, treatment than this. The public, who now are paying exorbitant prices for even the commonest fish, have a moral right to demand that some proportion of the enhanced cost should go to the brave.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

GAS MANTLE-MAKERS' VANISHING TRICK.

In a recent issue we commented upon the inclusion of "an interesting slip" in the latest catalogue issued by Messrs. Falk, Stadelmann and Co., Ltd., of the Veritas Lamp Works, at the foot of which was printed the following note: "*When this slip is removed our name does not appear anywhere in this catalogue.*" This paragraph called down upon our head quite a number of letters from all parts of the country—abusive letters, sarcastic letters, and humorous letters, all of which pointed out that it was a recognised trade custom for manufacturers to issue catalogues from which their names were absent or could be removed, so that the retailer could show them to his customers without disclosing the source of his supplies. Even the *Hardware Trade Journal* tried to wax merry at the expense of our ignorance; but it happens our ignorance in this matter was not so complete as some over-hasty persons seem to have imagined. We are, and were, fully cognisant of the fact that a very large number of manufacturers issue catalogues in the manner described, and that it is a trade custom so to do. *But it has not always been the custom* of Messrs. Falk, Stadelmann and Co., Ltd. We have before us that firm's catalogue No. 367, the front inside page of which bears the full name and address of the company, with illustrations of their various branches, *which forms an integral part of the publication.* It therefore appears that Messrs. Falk, Stadelmann and Co. were not always anxious to conceal their name from the purchasing public. That they desire to do so now we can readily understand. A strong prejudice exists against German names, and Messrs. Falk, Stadelmann and Co. are to be congratulated upon being able to take advantage of a "trade custom" to conceal theirs.

£1,100 in Prizes Offered by "Bullets" this Week.